

1930

I M S

Aftermath

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WE,

THE SENIOR CLASS

of 1930

LOVINGLY DEDICATE

OUR AFTERMATH

TO OUR STAUNCH AND LOYAL FRIEND

CATHERINE RIORDAN

WHO THROUGH HER UNTIRING EFFORTS IN OUR BEHALF

MADE OUR HIGH SCHOOL CAREER

ONE THAT WILL BE

MOST CHERISHED

BY US

THROUGHOUT

OUR LIVES

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F A C U L T Y

WILLIAM D. SHEA.....Prindipal
JOHN E. RATIGAN.....History
MARGARET E. DEMPSEY.....Commercial Subjects
DORRIS E. BORNE.....English
CATHERINE F. PIORDAN.....English
FRANCIS J. DORAN.....Economics & Science
STEPHEN BEATON.....French
MARY B. GROGAN.....Latin & Spanish
ALICE G. DONOHUE.....Mathematics
RAYMOND F. SHAW.....History
ROSE HOOSIAN.....Sewing
LIONA BUTKIVICH.....Drawing
MARY BERGIN.....Music
HALLIS BRANFEN.....Manual Training

CLASS OFFICERS

PRESIDENT.....George Conley
VICE PRESIDENT.....Gladys Lesein
SECRETARY.....Bevis White
TREASURER.....Myer Zarrow

CLASS DAY OFFICERS

CLASS HISTORIAN.....Myer Zarrow
CLASS PROPHECY.....Joseph Ciuksza
LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.....Warren Greenwood
PRESENTER OF GIFTS.....William Brierly
CLASS STATICIAN.....Pearl Low
OMMISSIONS AND CORRECTIONS.....Margaret Donovan
CLASS SONG.....Audrey Horne

SENIOR PROM COMMITTEE

Pearl Low
Margery Mayers
William Brierly
George Conley
Alan Army
John Davagian
Mary Bedrosian
Joseph Ciuksza

Myer Zarrow
Amos Howard
Cecil Vielle
Elizabeth White
Raymond Nelson
Warren Greenwood
Mary Cullina
Gladys Lesein

FORMER MEMBERS OF THE CLASS

Elmer Aubuchon
Theodore Ballard
George Baribeau
Elmer Bergstrom
Clarence Berthiaume
Burnette Boutilier
Donat Breault
William L. Connor
William F. Connor
Harold Dwinell
Albert Galardi
Warren Harris
Blanche Cadorette
James Cullina
Clarence Culver
Gertrude Elder
Louise Paille

Almer Heck
Kennith Marble
Thurbuse Millot
Armand Morin
Francis Tessier
Fred Stockwell
Rosario Tessier
Wilfred Turgeon
Anna Ballard
Lena Beando
Relma Boutilier
Miriam Brady
Marion Conway
Chester Woodward
Walter Brunell
Alice Army

PRIZE AWARDS*-1930

HISTORY MEDAL.....Bessie Zarrow
MATHEMATICS PRIZE.....John Davagian
EDISON ESSAY PRIZE.....Audrey Horne
ORATORICAL PRIZE.....Gladys Lesein
ROYAL GOLD MEDAL AND ADVANCED CERTIFICATE....Mary Bedrosian
SILVER AND GOLD ROYAL MEDALS.....Anna Gendron
GREGG PUBLISHING COMPANY'S--100 Word
certificates....Mary Bedrosian
.....Mary Cullina

FROST OFFICE APPLIANCE COMPANY'S PRIZE

Barr Portable Typewriter.....Bessie Zarrow

WORCESTER COUNTY SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING AWARDS

Shorthand--Gold Medal.....Mary Bedrosian
Shorthand--Silver Medal.....Bessie Zarrow
Typewriting--Gold Medal.....Mary Bedrosian
Typewriting--Accuracy Medal.....Anna Gendron

ROYAL PORTABLE TYPEWRITER.....Stenography Class of 1930.

Winner of the Radio Transcription Contest.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

Parents, teachers, and friends, we welcome you to our Class Day Exercises. This is the eventful day we have been looking forward to, and now that it has arrived, we stand on the threshold of life, eagerly facing the future, equipped with the knowledge we have gleaned from Millbury High School in the past four years. We wish to thank our parents for their sacrifices in making our education possible, and our thanks go out to our teachers for their untiring efforts and interest in us. We know that your thoughts and heartfelt interest will be with us always, and this will spur us on to do the best in our power, so that in years to come you may point to our accomplishments with pride. To all, the class of 1930 extends a most cordial welcome to these, our Class Day Exercises.

Calmly and quietly the white clouds float overhead untroubled by the doings of man. The stars are still shining serenely in their places, ignorant of the important events which are about to take place. For now the class of 1930 is to receive their diplomas and enter into the wide world, battling for honor and recognition which, undoubtedly, they will attain.

And so it is altogether fitting that we should review the events which lead up to this final and most glorious result. Four years ago we graduated from the Millbury Junior High. We felt at that time that our cup was filled to the brim--little did we realize of our future joy. Quickly the summer passed and we gathered in vast numbers about the entrance of higher learning. Each was afraid to enter first, till finally one of our bolder spirits volunteered his leadership and in a massed column with guards on either flank and scouts ahead we entered and were directed to seat ourselves in the Assembly Hall.

Mr. Pratt mounted the stage and delivered a fiery oration upon our upturned and shining faces. Faces that shined in both classes for the simple reasons that our female species had not yet learned what disastrous results are obtained from the use of powder and cosmetics. The pervading thought in Mr. Pratt's speech, who, by the way, was our Principal, was that a most severe punishment would be incurred by the infraction of any of the set rules which he issued for us to follow.

Timidly we left this most awe-inspiring man and sought our home rooms. After this began the commencement of hard labor. We were ridiculed by many and, although our lot was hard, we persevered and won through. For always there shone on the distant horizon a star growing brighter and brighter as each month fled by until finally

we were able to reach it.

The month of November found us disturbed by politics for the first time. But we were very honorable, I can say that no grafting occurred whatsoever in our election of class officers as is common nowadays. Anthony Honisky, a man of ability was elected to lead us, Gladys Lesein was selected Vice President, Myer Zarrow as Treasurer and Bevis White as Secretary. Thus we were gathered together as one compact and coordinated body ready to resist the other class's infringements of our rights.

That first year we went to no important affairs for we consisted of the Despised Freshmen. We were allowed to look on, to gaze longingly from the distance but not to participate. The end of the summer term came not too soon, and gleefully we greeted the long-awaited vacation and the end of our vassalage for now our days of being freshmen--those most despised creatures--were over and we belonged to a higher class and had subordinates under us.

During our first year the faculty underwent a change. We were greatly pleased by Miss McCrea's becoming an English teacher. Mr. Higginbottom took over the entire French department and also coached the basketball team during the time he was here. Miss Riordan was added to the English and Latin departments and later only taught English. Also to our class a new member was added who greatly enhanced our prestige by becoming the business manager of the Reflector.

As there is a serious side to everything, so we had a serious side, for many of our students attained the honor list. Undoubtedly, I may say that we had the greatest number and I sincerely think that our record will never be broken. Industry and study seemed to be our motto. I may well say that the class of 1930 never shirked it.

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This year we awoke to the other events of school life. To the school play it was our pleasure to lend a few class members--Gladys Losein and George Conley, who also took part in the others. Such was their dramatic ability.

In sports William Brierly was our outstanding contribution. But he was made to prove his mettle by many others of our classmates who were excellent athletes. He made the basketball team that year, also Cecil Vielle accomplished much in baseball.

This second year saw a departure and new comer to our faculty. Mr. Higginbottom left and Mr. Stephen Beaton, Jr. took the position as French teacher. He also kindly undertook to coach our basketball and baseball teams.

Our second year passed quickly for some and slowly for others. As I had stated previously, we were beginning to attend social events. Some had gone to the Senior Prom. But to the Junior Prom we turned out in vast numbers. Although while many of our male members knew nothing of the terpsichorean art, the female element made up for them. And with this event another golden year slipped by into oblivion.

The old swimming pool by the mill and the picnics were still fresh in our minds when September, the Indian summer, beckoned us once again. This time we had a new title which we whispered to each other until we realized it was true. For now we were Juniors and could laugh at the faults and errors of others. Success was almost at hand; another year and we would be finally patting it on the back.

Once more our class had to lend its dramatic ability. And many of our own class took part--Lillian Broberg leading.

The picture of old man winter carrying a sickle became a reality to many that winter. For we were severely tried by the "Flu." But in this case no other harm was done to our class mates

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other than confinement to their homes for several weeks.

Mr. Ratigan, the history instructor, left us for a short duration of a few months. Miss Brown a former member of M.H.S. took his place. All went well for a while till suddenly we were stricken with sorrow by the announcement of her death. During her short stay we had come to like and appreciate her, and so with tears in our eyes and shoulders bowed we heard of that horrible event.

For a second time the position was filled and this time by Mrs. Day. She stayed with us until May brought the return of Mr. Ratigan. This year an artist was added to our class.

Again we were at the Junior Prom but this time in a different capacity. For we were running it. We procured an excellent orchestra and everyone voted it a jolly good time. Thus did the third year end amid the swelling notes of music.

Spring, summer, autumn only months of the year. One balances the other and nothing outstanding in each. Yet this autumn was to us as water is to a man dying of thirst. For four years we had waited, now we had it. Autumn had made us SENIORS. Dignified, upright, bold, unrelenting, haughty and cold are some adjectives that may describe us. No longer did we tread the lowly parts, for our life was a path of roses. We realized that many wondrous things were expected of us and each of us made a resolution that we would not fail in our achievements.

In sports Captain Brierly led his men splendidly in basket ball, and in baseball Captain Vielle also did wondrous things.

In May with great regret we heard of Mr. Pratt's resignation. We had come to like that stern man who would sometimes lay aside his stern demeanor and joke with us. He had worked hard for us but as all such things are provided for the sorrow in our hearts

was assuaged by Mr. W.D. Shea's appointment. He was greatly admired alike by students and faculty.

Once more and the last time for us the senior play arrived. It was the biggest success since Columbus landed. And the ticket office certainly proved that.

Debating played an important part in our activities this year. A debating society was formed and many students joined. The officers were all from the senior class and all except one were boys. So you can see that the boys could easily out talk the girls. Mr. Shaw coached us and accomplished a great job with some of the rawest recruits that ever lived. From this society the varsity debaters were chosen. Although we went down in defeat, we hope that it has paved the way for other success.

In early October a new member entered our class. He was so handsome that the girls forgot everyone else and would live up in the corridor when he went by to get a good view but strange as it seems no boy got jealous for it was difficult to dislike him. But all good things have an ending and to the girl's disappointment he left us in late December after having helped make the play the success that it was.

And so the hours slipped into days the days into weeks and soon the end was almost in sight. One March afternoon the honor pupils were announced. We broke all records with fourteen students having an average of 85 or over. The graduation speakers are as in order Bessie Larrow, Lillian Broberg, Olga Gwozdowsky, Gladys Lesein and Margery Mayers. The last two had been tied so both were to speak. Although this may look bad to the boys, let it be said that they were a close second and would probably have come to the front in another few years.

Also the class assembled and selected the officers of Class

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Day. The following were selected for the event: Joseph Cuisksa, Prophet; Warren Greenwood, Last Will and Testament; William Brierly, Giver of Gifts; Myer Zarrow, Class Historian; Pearl Low, Class Statistician; Margaret Donovan, Omissions and Corrections.

Thus with many elaborate preparations we armed ourselves for that great memorable day. That day which not only we, but all when they enter as Freshmen, look forward to. Graduation.

Although we were happy and pleased to graduate, yet we hate to leave that good old school, our old friends and class-mates, and last but not least, the splendid faculty that had helped us attain this and had fought with us through four long years. So ends the history of our class filled with study, sports, and social activities--all that is school life. May others who hear this be urged to do better and we should be proud and let us always remember the motto doing nothing is doing ill. Nihil facere est malum facere.



The
MAGICIAN



POST NO BILLS

NO SMOKING

NO
PARKA
HERE

KEEP OFF
THE GRASS

"HERONER"



Zuzu
The
Wild One

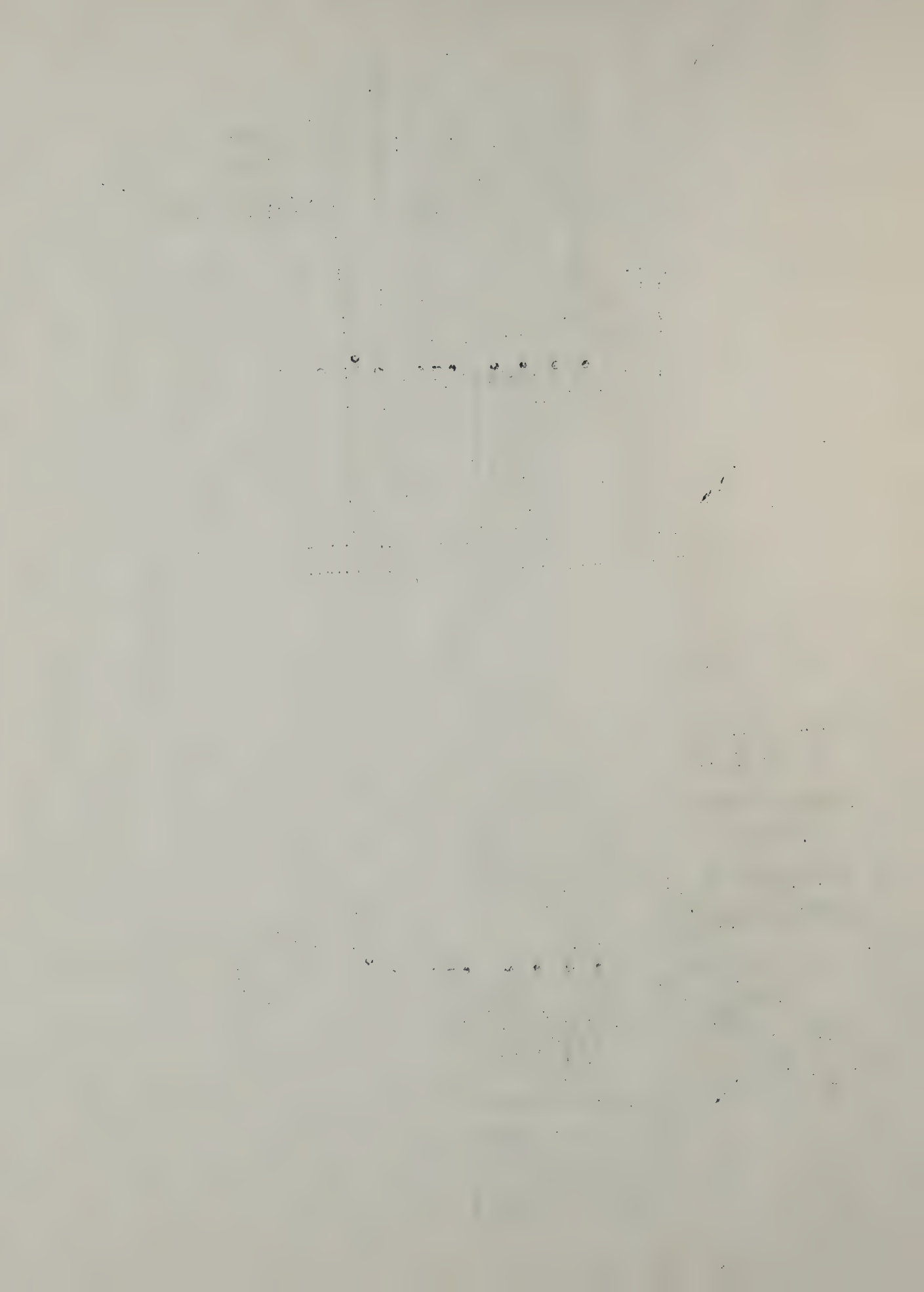
ZU'ZU
WILD MAN
FROM
KABAPA
KUGHALA

RIGHT THIS
WAY FOLKS



Conley

Tickets
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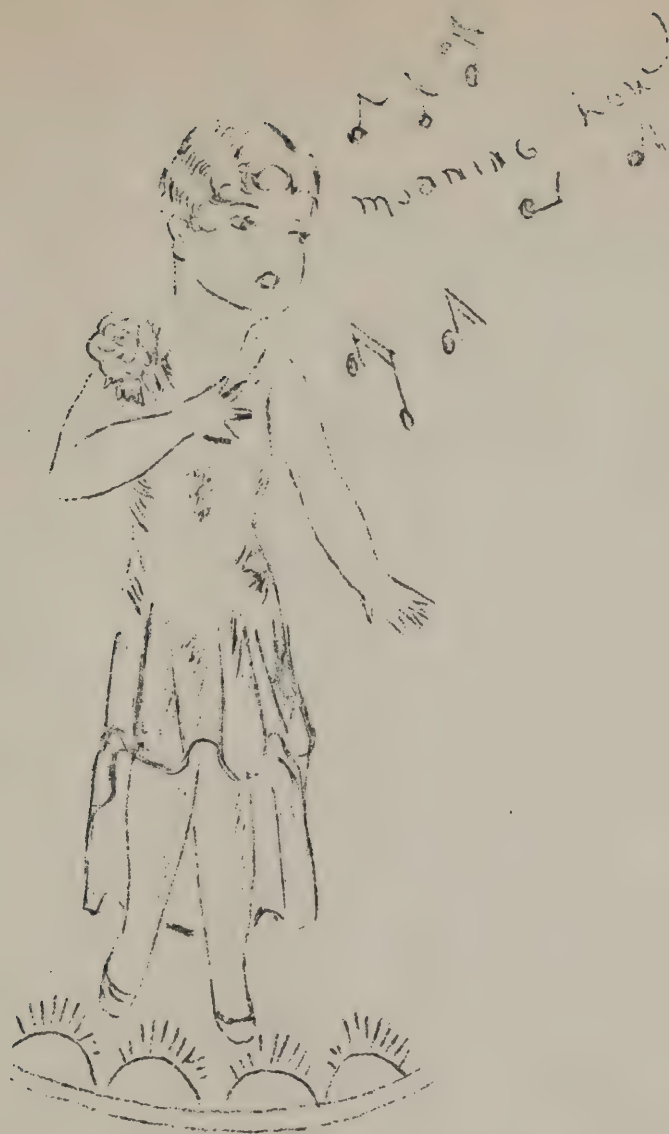




Hotsy Totsy
Dancer



Snake
Charmer



HIGH
DIVER



PROPHECY

After an absence of ten years, I was suddenly possessed by a desire to see my home town. I don't know why, but anyway, I boarded the next freight to Millbury. Everything progressed wonderfully as far as Worcester and then I was rudely disturbed by the voice of a "brakie".

"Comeon, bum, jump."

I looked up and blast me to pieces if it wasn't Raymond Nelson.

"Good morning, Ray," I said getting up and offering my hand. Thack!

He gave me a blow across the fingers with his club and again told me to evacuate.

"Why, Raymond," I said, "Don't you remember me? I painfully came to the conclusion that he didn't as I picked myself out of the dust and vigorously massaged the seat of my pants. After brushing my dilapidated clothes, I found the main road and started for my destination. I had walked only a short distance when I heard the sound of an automobile horn, so I turned around and motioned for a ride. Then the Packard car got close, I recognized Audrey Horne, accompanied by Marion Vitter, Caroline Stowe, Margery Mayers and Eleanor Grogan. When they saw me they just looked the other way and left me in a cloud of dust. I slowly shook my head at the strange conduct of my friends but decided that it was my clothes and a week's beard that were to blame. I plodded along my weary way and all of a sudden there was a bang and my hat flew off. I retrieved it and started to look for a responsible party. I found a man, but it turned out to be a game warden and he was looking for the same fellow that I was. He found

him and I was sorry that I was instrumental in the hunt, for it was Leo Marcollo. Poor Leo. It seems that he never quite broke the habit of hunting out of season. I tearfully pleaded with the game warden to release Leo but was unsuccessful. A deluge poured down my cheeks as the warden put the gyves upon Leo and led him away.

I had travelled about three miles when I came to a sign which read as follows:

Welcome to Millbury
Tramps Keep Out.

I had journeyed too many miles to be turned back by a sign so I squared my shoulders and walked forward. I soon came to the thickly settled district and slowed down, not because the signs said so but, to be on guard against the officers of the law. I was dumbfounded to see that Millbury had turned into a city of beautiful parks, boulevards, monuments and huge sixty-story skyscrapers of forty flights. I walked into an alley with the idea of being more safe and collided with a policeman. I looked at him and in five seconds I knew, in spite of a huge mustache, bay-window and flat feet, that it was Edwin Mickelson.

"Hello, Mike," I said cheerily but he only glared at me.

He took a step towards me and I retreated a pace. He took another and I jumped back two. A second later I was running down the alley with a cop at my heels. I lost Mickelson in two minutes and stopped to recover my breath.

It was growing dark and I thought that it was about time to find a place to sleep. As I was passing down the alley, I noticed an open doorway so just on general principles I stepped in. I found myself in a huge hall that was filled with people so I secured a front seat in the back row and waited. The whole business proved to be a wrestling match.

A masked man came into the ring, followed by Gussie Sonneburg.

The masked marvel threw Gussie in two straight falls and thereby won the imitation Woolworth diamond studded championship belt.

The crowd cheered lustily and demanded that the victor unmask. The winner did so and chew my ears off if it didn't turn out to be Aros Howard.

"Atta boy, Tank," I jumped up and yelled and that is all I remember. I recovered my senses in prison.

The next morning I was brought before the judge and imagine my surprise when I found that "her honor" was Bessie Zarrow.

"How do you do, Miss Zarrow."

She told me to shut up and gave me five days in the cooler.

During my sojourn in prison I discovered that Bessie was a great lover of animals. She had horses in her stable, dogs in her kennel and bats in her belfry.

Upon my release I headed directly for a pawnshop to get some money on a priceless watch which I had purchased during one of my prosperous moments. I entered a promising looking shop and gnaw my leg off if Myer Zarrow wasn't the proprietor.

"Greetings, comrade," I saluted him.

"Hello, he answered. "Could I be of any service, sir?"

I was flabbergasted at his cold attitude and after some difficulty, produced my watch.

"How much?"

He took the watch and examined it minutely.

"Ten dollars," was his verdict.

I lost my equilibrium at this unjust offer but I decided to accept it for I had no desire to quarrel with a friend.

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He went to a safe and got ten dollars. After counting the money fourteen times he gave it to me.

I got my apparel cleaned and when I came out of the barber-shop, I looked like a million dollars, felt like two and had just exactly three dollars in my pocket. After a visit to a restaurant I went in search of a job.

After a fruitless exploration I found that even a street cleaner had to dress in a tuxedo and have at least six correspondence school diplomas. However, in my ramblings I obtained a little information concerning my school mates.

Edward Scanlon operated a huge two-by-four office and engaged Mary Bedrosian, Ruth Harrison, Mildred Voss, Eleanore Flad and Gladys Lescin in the capacity of stenographers and typists. Scanlon dictated his marvelous theories and when they were typed, he tied them up in bundles and sold them to the local junk dealer.

Olga Gwozdowsky had eloped with a Russian Count.

Lillian Broberg had just completed a picture in Hollywood and the screen fans gave her quite an ovation. But, instead of using the customary confetti, they employed grape-fruit.

Warren Greenwood was a big crash in aviation.

Cecil Vielle played short-stop for Connie Mack but he let so many grounders go through him that he was now very bowlegged.

Anna Drumgool was just a tee-hee on the stage of life.

I got tired of walking around so I hid myself to a theater. The curtain parted and some girls came hobbling and stumbling out. Upon looking more closely I found the dancing maidens to be Doris Army, Margaret Donovan, Amelia Butkevitch, Dorothea Miller, Rita Taylor, Margaret Ruddy, Bevis White, Selma Johnson and Mary McArdle.

At this particular moment a huge crash and chaos made me think that the balcony had collapsed but it was only the orchestra. Upon looking at the dispensers of music, I saw Elizabeth White torturing the piano keys. Anna Gendron and Blanche Smith were squeaking away on their violins while Barbara Myers contributed an occasional toot-toot from her cornet.

Although the show was little better than twice as bad I began to clap my hands. Imagine my embarrassment when I was the only one who did so!

Rita Fink and Mary Cullina sang a few songs and from then on I didn't know what happened for I had yielded to sleep.

I awoke with an involuntary lunge because I thought I heard someone in terrible agony. It was only Pearl Low, croaking Moanin' Low. I left the theater and after finding a suitable park bench I laid me down to sleep.

I was up early next morning and while in quest of work I came across a small circus. I went to the circus.

In front of a large tent a barker was inducing the crowd to part with ten cents to see the wondrous wonders inside. The barker was George Conley. Boy, what a line he was slinging.

I paid a dime and entered the tent.

The first wonder was a magician who performed a few stale tricks and hypnotized his assistant. The imitation Houdini was Alan Army, assisted by Claire Lynch. The next marvel was a Hindu snake charmer but they couldn't fool me. It was John Davagian. I strolled along and came to a dusky maiden clothed in a grass skirt doing a hotsy-totsy dance. Who in the world would have thought that Mary Proal would do such a thing?

A snarl and growl almost made me jump through the tent top.

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I turned around and beheld the wild man. I was slain with laughter for no matter how much fur or paint the wild man put on it would still be the same old William Brierly. I went up to him to say hello but he almost bit my hand off. I looked at him and wondered if he had been enslaved by the spell of the wild.

I came out of the tent very much downhearted and wandered about in a deep state of depression.

A drum began to beat and I followed the multitude.

A man stood upon a soap box and announced that the highest diving little lady in the land was about to perform her death-defying act.

I watched and soon a woman appeared and bowed to the crowd.

It was Duice Rutherford.

She lightly went up the ladder and quickly reached the top. After a long time. After posing a minute she dove into a tank of water and I wondered why they didn't use the Pacific Ocean.

I lingered around for a while and then left. My money was all gone by this time, my clothes were acquiring that tired and worn out look and my beard was sprouting rapidly. I peered upon a street corner and wondered how things were going to turn out.

A person dressed in black came scurrying towards me.

I determined to ask for a quarter. When the hurrying figure came nearer, I recognized the person as Robert Murray.

"Hello, Robert," I greeted him.

"Hello," he answered and looked round as if someone was pursuing him.

"Bob, can you spare a quarter," I asked.

"Sure," he said, pulling out a gigantic roll of money and thrusting it into my hands.

"Hold on", Robert, I uttered. "I don't want all this."

"That's all right," he hastily answered, "I'm in the manufacturing business and it's a great success. He dropped a hurried "so long" and vanished around the corner.

I looked at the money in my hands and upon investigation, found that I had a couple hundred dollars in brand new bank notes. I stampeded to the nearest eating house and laying a twenty on the table, ordered the best in the house.

The proprietorship was all smiles when he took the order but when he looked at the bill, his amicable expression departed.

"Wait a minute," he said and scurried to the telephone.

This procedure puzzled me and I began to wonder. When I heard the words police and counterfeit money I ran through the door like a sixteen legged deer and I didn't travel as if I were tip-toeing through tulips either. I arrived at the railroad and stopped for breath and during the period of idleness, thought of my ungrateful comrades. Tears came to my eyes and I began to snivel.

"Confound the luck", I said to myself. "It's about time I got rid of this hay fever.

I went to the jungle and blow me to atoms if Elmer Johnson wasn't comfortably reclining upon the mossy ground.

"Hi, Elmer," I saluted him.

"Hi, Big-Boy," he sang out and we shook hands.

We talked a little and finally concluded that we should have something to eat. Elmer produced some coffee and sandwiches so I started a fire with my gift money and we feasted. A half hour later we majestically rode out of Millbury on an outward bound freight.

ALAN CHARLES JOSEPH ARMY
(JUST ALAN)

"Well, there is yet one day of life before me,
And whatsoe'er betide, I will enjoy it."

Alan is the fun of the class. He is always amusing the students with his original phrases and unusual tricks. But in spite of his carefree nature, Alan has his serious moments.

Age: He still plays with toys.
Favorite Expression: "Smeu zeu."
Favorite Pastime: Being Clownish.
Favorite Song: "Ain't We Crazy,"
Favorite Flower: Cowslips.
Favorite Dish: Nuts.
Future Intention: To be a famous after-dinner speaker.

"To Alan Army, we give this ship,
We'll name it M.H.S.
May he sail the sea of ambition,
And land on the shore of success."

DORIS ELIZABETH ARMY
(DOT)

"All things come round to him who will but wait."

If ever one wants to be cheered up, all he has to do is talk to Doris. Perhaps she doesn't know it but she is extremely amusing, and especially to one who is "down in the dumps."

Age: Judging from actions, it's hard to tell.
Favorite Expression: "My gosh!"
Favorite Pastime: Talking.
Favorite Song: "If You Were The Only Boy In The World And I
Was The Only Girl."
Favorite Flower: Bramenville Buttercups.
Favorite Dish: Chewing Gum.
Future Intention: To go to Normal School.

"To Doris Army that dark-haired girl,
So charming and vivacious,
We give this little Spanish comb,
Making her all the more gracious."

MARY DORIS PEDROSIAN
(REL)

"How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams,
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams."

Mary is the "redlight" of our class. She has won many prizes in typewriting and has made us quite proud of her, We all love Mary, perhaps not intentionally but it can't be helped.

Age: Old enough to be romantic.
Favorite Expression: "Oh Yeah!"
Favorite Pastime: Typewriting.
Favorite Song: "All She'd Say Was Umh-hum."
Favorite Flower: Corn Flowers.
Favorite Dish: Corn Cakes.
Future Intention: To be a famous typist.

"To Mary Bedrosian an excellent stenog,
The "redlight" of old Millbury High,
We give this miniature typewriter,
As a memory of days gone by."

WILLIAM BIGGAR BRIERLY
(ZUZU)

"Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most, grows two thereby."

William is the athlete. Big, and strong he cuts a dashing figure on the floor. With his blond frankness he is the figure in many a young ladies dreams.

Age: It's a good thing age isn't reckoned b- size.
Favorite Expression: He changes it too often.
Favorite Pastime: Any sport.
Favorite Song: "Take me out to the ball-game."
Favorite Flower: Jack-in-the-Pulpit.
Favorite Dish: Zuzus.
Future Intention: To go up in the athletic world.

"To William Brierly a wearer of the "M"
Of great credit he is deserving,
We present this tiny ball and bat,
So he'll keep trim in serving.

Wearer of the "M"

LILLIAN JACQUELINE BROBERG
(BILLIE)

"Where Love, and Mirth, and Friendship twine
Their varied gifts, I offer mine."

Lillian is the beauty of our class. She has a lovable disposition, which endears her to all her classmates and causes her to be a center of masculine attention.

Age: Actions speak louder than words.
Favorite Expression: "Mein gott."
Favorite Pastime: Repairing her complexion.
Favorite Song: "Sweetheart of M.H.S."
Favorite Dish: Dates.
Future Intention: To marry a millionaire.

"To Lillian Broberg so sweet and fair,
We give this mousetrap, the men to snare.
For when they gaze on her rapturous beauty,
They'll willingly be caught, for they'll feel
it their duty."

AMELIA ONA BUTKEVICH
(MIL)

"So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness."

Amelia is the quiet one in the class. And for further information about Amelia, perhaps you'd better ask the girl herself.

Age: Almost.
Favorite Expression: "My Lord."
Favorite Pastime: Being seen but not heard.
Favorite Song: "Under the Old Apple Tree."
Favorite Flower: Apple-blossoms.
Favorite Dish: Radishes.
Future Intention: To become a farmerette.

"To Amelia Butkevich with her smile,
So bashful and petite,
We give this memoranda book,
So our memories she will keep."

JOSEPH CUIKSZA
(JOE TYTF)

"Man is man, and master of his fate."

Joe is the singer of our class. You should hear him warble some of the popular lays. I assure you that some day, he will become a famous singer.

Age: Waiting for is wisdom teeth.
Favorite Expression: I dunno.
Favorite Pastime: Provoking Mary.
Favorite Song: "My Song Of The Nile."
Favorite Flower: Dandelion.
Favorite Dish: Spinach.
Future Intention: To become an opera singer.

"To Joseph Cuiksza we give these colored pencils,
They will remind him well,
How long ago in High School,
He, in drawing did excell."

GEORGE EDWARD CONLEY
(SCOTTY)

"And look before you 'ere you leap,
For 's you sow ye're like to reap."

George is another singer. When he croons those heart-breaking melodies, the audience is to be pitied. He's a trifle foolish at times but we like it.

Age: Well he seems to think he's the right age for the ladies.
Favorite Expression: Unprintable.
Favorite Pastime: Crashing gates.
Favorite Song: Little Pal.
Favorite Flower: Lady's Delight.
Favorite Dish: San Sens.
Future Intention: To be a Lady's Man."

"To George Conley, our class president,
So adherent in his rules,
We present this little gavel,
To remind him of High School."

Wearer of the 'M'

MARY ELLEN CULLINA
(ME)

"Contented with the humblest lot;
Happy, though in the meanest cot."

Mary is one of those who are never seen but not heard.

However when aroused, we have no doubt that Mary is as fiery
as anyone could wish.

Age: She won't say.
Favorite Expression: Yup, un-hum!
Favorite Pastime: Writing Notes to Gladys.
Favorite Song: "M-A-R-Y Mary"
Favorite Flower: Marigolds.
Favorite Dish: Cookies.
Future Intention: To become wealthy.

"To Mary Cullina, a quiet little miss,
Who claims that innocence is bliss,
We give this doll as a reminder of former days,
Should she in the future develop grown-up ways."

JOHN SARKIS DAVAGIAN
(CHOCOLATES)

"Noble he is, condemning all things mean,
His truth unquestioned, and his soul serene."

John is the mathematician of our class. He is also
good physicist and though not quite as quiet as his brother,
nevertheless, he resembles him in many ways.

Age: Unknown.
Favorite Expression: He doesn't express himself in front of
ladies.
Favorite Pastime: Studying mathematics.
Favorite Song: "I'm going Back To The Farm."
Favorite Flower: Carrot tops.
Favorite Dish: Chocolates.
Future Intention: To be a first-class farmer.

"To John Davagian, a wizzard in "math"
And in all other subjects as well,
We give this little medal,
Of his brilliance it will tell."

MARGARET RITA DONOVAN
(MARGOT)

"Plainness and truth gain more generous heart,
Than all the crooked subtleties of art."

Margaret is the girl who excels in Latin. Perhaps,
I might add Physics, but I won't, because she has caused
Mr. Doran many anxious hours. If you want to know why,
ask Margaret.

Age: Just the right one.
Favorite Expression: "My Goodness."
Favorite Pastime: Talking in Mr. Doran's classes.
Favorite Song: "Whispering."
Favorite Flower: Daisy.
Favorite Dish: Fudge.
Future Intention: To go down to Boston.

To Margaret Donovan of our class
Whose friendship we admire,
We give this book on "Teaching School,"
For to teaching, she aspires."

ANNA VERONICA DRUMGOOL
(CHUCKY)

"Let heaven-eyed Prudence battle with Desire,
And win the victory, though it be through fire."

Anna is the girls athlete. Through her self-control, the
basket-ball team came through to many victories. She is also
a good little sport in other activities.

Age: It's Nobody's business.
Favorite Expression: "My Lord."
Favorite Pastime: Being just the opposite of quiet.
Favorite Song: "That College Rag."
Favorite Flower: Violets.
Favorite Dish: Lemons
Future Intention: To become a famous athlete.

"To Anna Drumgool of athletic fame,
Who almost always won the game,
We give this little basket ball,
So she won't forget her team next fall."

Wearer of the "M"

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RITA MARIE FINK
(REET)

"Tis not the fairest that holds
The mildest, purest soul within."

Rita is the girl who escorts Margaret in our class.
She happens to be another one in the Bramanville gang,
but we'll forgive her.

Age: You can't judge by looks.
Favorite Expression: "Good Lord."
Favorite Pastime: Visiting Margaret.
Favorite Song: "Ris Rita."
Favorite Flower: Pansy.
Favorite Dish: Cookies.
Future Intention: Anyone could tell by looking at her.

"To Rita Fink, who is going to Normal,
Who will get along good indeed,
We give this little Ford racing car,
May her success be as great as her speed."

ELEANOR ALICE FLAD
(ELLIE)

"Enjoyment stops where indolence begins."

I don't know much about Eleanor, except that she helps
to keep Woolworths going and that she seems to have quite a
few friends in the Senior Class.

Age: I've been advertising, but with no results.
Favorite Expression: "Gosh sakes!"
Favorite Pastime: Working in Woolworths.
Favorite Song: "Tillie the Toiler."
Favorite Flower: Artificial Roses.
Favorite Dish: Cheese Sandwich.
Future Intention: To own Woolworths some day.

"To Eleanor Flad, so sociable,
So obliging and so kind,
We present this pen and pencil,
Of happy days to remind."

ANNA GANDRON'S BIOGRAPHY
(ANN)

"The stout heart wins victory,
But never dark despair."

Anna is the little housekeeper of our class. I surely
wouldn't mind having a cook like her. I'm sure that Anna
is the reason that men go back home.

Age: Of sufficient years to know something.
Favorite Expression: "It's too busy to use one."
Favorite Pastime: Being a young housekeeper.
Favorite Song: "Show Me The Way To Go Home."
Favorite Flower: Carnation.
Favorite Dish: Hash
Future Intention: Interior Decoration.

"To Anna Gandron, our ingenua
So tiny and demure,
We give this little shorthand book,
A pleasant memory to her."

FARRON GREENWOOD'S BIOGRAPHY
(PETE)

"Thou wak'st from happy sleep, to play
With bounding heart, my boy."

If you ever want to have an aeroplane-ride just go to
Pete. I'm sure that he will be willing to oblige, for he
intends to become a first-class aviator.

Age: Old enough to attract the ladies.
Favorite Expression: "For Heaven's Sakes."
Favorite Pastime: Hanging around room 21.
Favorite Song: "I'm Flying High."
Favorite Flower: Sunflower.
Favorite Dish: Flying Fish.
Future Intention: To become an aviator.

"To our future pilot Farron Greenwood
We give this little plane
And our very best of wishes
That he'll soon achieve great fame."

ELEANOR MARGARET GROGAN
(EL)

"To be good is to be happy; angels
are happier than men, because they're better."

Eleanor is what is considered a good Latin student.
She is good in all of her studies and has quite a few
friends within the walls of Millbury High.

Age: Sweet Sixteen.
Favorite Expression: "Gracious."
Favorite Pastime: Keeping House.
Favorite Song: Sweet Little Alice Blue Gown.
Favorite Flower: Forget-me-not.
Favorite Dish: Gingerbread.
Future Intention: Making a good wife for somebody, someday.

"To Eleanor Grogan, so good and so true
Who expects to go to college,
We give this little Buick truck,
To transport her books of knowledge."

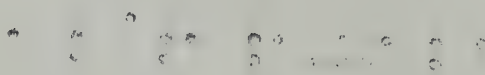
OLGA GWOZDOWSKY
(OGY)

"I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now."

Olga has brains, no doubt of that. She completed her
High School career in only three of the allotted years. I
am sure this is an indication that Olga will succeed.

Age: Older enough not to tell.
Favorite Expression: "Ye Gods!"
Favorite Pastime: Talking about books.
Favorite Song: "The Hen and The Cow."
Favorite Flower: Golden Rod.
Favorite Dish: Any vegetable.
Future Intention: To make use of her knowledge.

"To Olga Gwozdowsky, that studious girl,
Who is always studying knowledge,
We give this little entrance exam,
Before she enters college."



RUTH WINIFRED HARRISON
(RUTHIE)

"Desire not to live long, but to live well;
How long we live, not years, but actions tell."

Ruth is one of the most industrious persons in our class.
She always concentrates on her studies and seems more than
willing to help out at any opportunity.

Age: Not yet heard.

Favorite Expression: I guess she hasn't any.

Favorite Pastime: Keeping quiet with Margaret.

Favorite Song: "I want To Be Happy."

Favorite Flower: Anemone.

Favorite Dish: Cream puffs.

Future Intention: I never had the audacity to inquire.

"To Ruth Harrison, a quiet miss,
Who sometimes looks so sad.
We give this little joke book,
To make her moments glad."

AUDREY LOUISE HORNE
(AUD)

"We can print the charm unspeakable,
Which links in tender bands two faithful hearts!"

If you want to meet a peach of a sport and someone
who's heaps of fun, just ask to be introduced to Audrey. She
always has some original action or speech with which to amuse.

Age: Still a mystery.

Favorite Expression: "Yeah!"

Favorite Pastime: Tossing the population.

Favorite Song: "Billy Boy."

Favorite Flower: Sweet William.

Favorite Dish: Chow mein.

Future Intention: To tie the love-knot with---guess.

"To Audrey Horne we give a cook-book and an apron,
For in a few years she'll be a comely matron,
And it would be sad indeed for the boss to come home,
To find nothing to eat but a left-over bone."

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1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

AMOS CHARLES HOWARD
(TANK)

"Tis strange--but true; for truth is always strange,
Stranger than fiction."

Amos is one of those kinds, you can't help liking. He really has such a charming smile and winning personality. He's rather bashful, but we hope he'll get over that in time.

Age: As old as his dignity.
Favorite Expression: "I hasn't any."
Favorite Pastime: Teasing Claire.
Favorite Song: He's I To Know.
Favorite Flower: Lady's Slipper.
Favorite Dish: Cherries.
Future Intention: "To live on the interest of what he owes."

"To Amos Howard, the fearful caveman of our class,
We give this hatchet with which to tame his lass,
We trust he'll use it wisely, or the tables might
be turned,
Whereat he'll find he plays the role of a man
whose love was scorned."

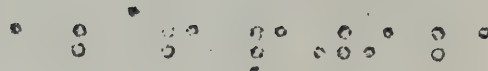
ELMER JOHNSON
(AL)

"The look composed, and steady eye,
Bespeak a steady constancy."

Elmer is very quiet and never talks about himself. If one wants information concerning him, one must watch closely and not hope to elicit any by questioning.

Age: Who wants to know.
Favorite Expression: He's tongue-tied.
Favorite Pastime: Daydreaming in a reverie.
Favorite Song: "All Alone."
Favorite Flower: Geranium.
Favorite Dish: Lettuce alone.
Future Intention: He's too bashful to say.

"To the light-haired Elmer Johnson,
So bashful all the time,
We give this dark-haired cutie,
To cure him in this line."



SALMA HELENE JOHNSON
(SEL)

"Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn."

Salma is another beauty of our class. It seems as if Salma was just made to be looked at and not for any practical purpose. However Salma, herself has disproved this statement.

Age: We'd like to know.
Favorite Expression: Oh gosh!
Favorite Pastime: Escorting Lillian.
Favorite Song: "Home."
Favorite Flower: Primrose.
Favorite Dish: Cottage Cheese.
Future Intention: To marry and settle down.

"To Salma Johnson that dashing blonde
We present this hair shampoo,
To preserve the luster of her locks,
And beautify her too."

GLADYS BLANCHE LESCIN
(I)

"She excels each mortal thing,
Upon this dull earth dwelling."

Gladys is the ideal girl. She has one of the most wonderful personalities ever possessed. If you ever want to tell your troubles to anyone, just go to Gladys and I am sure that you will get immediate attention.

Age: That's Gladys' Secret.
Favorite Expression: "My dear."
Favorite Pastime: Answering Mary's notes.
Favorite Song: "Sweeter Than Sweet."
Favorite Flower: Gladiolas.
Favorite Dish: Sugar.
Future Intention: To become an aviatrix.

"To Gladys Lescin that lovable lass
We give this bowl and pipe,
To blow bubbles of happiness,
And make the world all bright."

Wearer of the "E"

CLAIRE ELLEN LYNCH
(BUBBLES)

"Thou hast no heavy thought or dream,
To cloud thy fearless eye."

Dainty, petite, and charming, Claire manages with no effort at all to enrapture the male population of the High School and I am sure that her date-book causes her great deal of anxiety.

Age: An infant exceedingly wise.

Favorite Expression: "Gee!"

Favorite Pastime: Consulting her date-book.

Favorite Song: "Moonlight and You."

Favorite Flower: Mistletoe.

Favorite Dish: Patches.

Future Intention: You never can tell.

"To Claire Lynch our petite brunette,
Whose big blue eyes make her a coquette,
To give this memo-book to write down every date,
That she may never mix them up, and always keep
them straight.

LEO JOSEPH MARCELLE
(CLIO)

"O many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds work the archer little meant."

Leo is the fisherman of the class. He dearly loves this sport and I believe has spent many hours in this occupation. Perhaps because this recreation is conducive of thought.

Age: He forgets.

Favorite Expression: "Some kid!"

Favorite Pastime: Walking to school with Mary.

Favorite Song: Blue Skies.

Favorite Flower: Blue grass.

Favorite Dish: Blue plate special.

Future Intention: I didn't remember to ask.

"The boy who will succeed is Leo Marcelle,
In looking into the future we foretell,
But should he doubt our word at all,
As proof we give him a crystal-gazing ball."

BARBARA ELORFENCH MAYERS
(BABS)

"O grant me, Heaven, a middle state,--
Neither too humble nor too great."

Barbara is the darker-haired of the Mayer sisters. She is younger than Margery and quite a bit different, which is just a little out of the ordinary.

Age: Old enough to have to us.
Favorite Expression: "Headsakes!"
Favorite Pastime: I forgot to ask.
Favorite Song: "Barbara."
Favorite Flower: Baby's Breath.
Favorite Dish: Bonbons.
Future Intention: To be the belle of Millbury.

"To Barbara Mayers whose long dark curls,
Make her the envy of the other girls,
We give this monstrous diamond pin,
To remember us by and make her grin."

MARGERY BELL MAYERS
(MARGY)

"My conscience is my crown,
Contented thoughts my rest."

And here comes the other one of the Mayers sisters. Margy is a little older than Barbara, and therefore perhaps is able to have a restraining influence upon her sister, however we doubt it.

Age: Curiosity killed the cat.
Favorite Expression: "My Goodness!"
Favorite Pastime: Doing Latin.
Favorite Song: "Margy."
Favorite Flower: Aster.
Favorite Dish: Prunes.
Future Intention: It remains to be seen.

"To Margery Mayers so pert, and trim,
So very much like a little Miss Prim,
We present this little loving cup,
Filled with happiness to its top."

MARY AGNES McARDIE
(MAC)

"Leave the rich to pomp and splendour,
Happiness they cannot render."

Mary is another girl that you just can't help liking.
She has a sweet smile and a winning way which just naturally
paves the way to friendship.

Age: Somewhere between ten and twenty.
Favorite Expression: "Heavens!"
Favorite Pastime: Doing Bookkeeping.
Favorite Song: "Mary."
Favorite Flower: Sweet Peas.
Favorite Dish: Spring peas.
Future Intention: To go to Beckers.

"To Mary Mcardie who will hate to part,
Who will weep copiously, and have a broken heart,
We give this dashing handkerchief,
To eradicate all traces of terrible grief."

EDWIN JOHN HENRY MICKELSON
(ED)

"His failings leaned to virtue's side."

I am sure that Edwin is one of those of the class who
is bound to succeed. He is, to be sure, a strong, silent
man but you know there's a saying "Still waters run deep."

Age: Appearances are deceiving.
Favorite Expression: "When do we eat."
Favorite Pastime: Being nice.
Favorite Song: "Save Your Sorrow For Tomorrow."
Favorite Flower: Potato blossoms.
Favorite Dish: Potatoes.
Future Intention: To become a famous civil engineer.

"To Eddy Mickelson, the former boy,
We give this brand-new little toy,
That when the day is done and work complete,
He can think of us and mayhap weep."

DOROTHEA MILLER
(DOT)

"The saddest heart is not all sadness."

Dot is an athlete. She performed excellently on the floor in the basket-ball season. Dot is also very popular and has many admirers. Boys coming all the way from Vermont to visit her for two or three hours.

Age: 3-11 561-22

Favorite Expression: "Gosh sakes!"

Favorite Pastime: Staying out late.

Favorite Song: "Down to Tomorrow."

Favorite Flower: Irish R. l. nd.

Favorite Dish: Hells.

Future Intention: Undecided.

"To Dorothea Miller who loves to play,
Who always loves to dance,
To give this bunch of posies gay,
To hop and jig and prance."

"Farrer of the 'H'

ROBERT MURRAY
(BOB)

"Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop
Than when we soar."

Bob has a secret we love for the women. However, I suppose this fact is a secret, because Bob never mentions the ladies and I just happened to cull this information from some of his associates.

Age: Old enough to fight with his sister.

Favorite Expression: I never know.

Favorite Pastime: Giggling.

Favorite Song: "When Sunday Comes To Town."

Favorite Flower: Any wildflower.

Favorite Dish: Hot l. f.

Future Intention: Nothing

"To Robert Murray who is so weak,
To give this little mouse to squeak,
That he may live with the live-long day,
And chase the clouds of grey away."

RAYMOND EDWARD THORNDYKE WILSON
(SOUP)

"To rise,
Soar not too high to fall, but steep to rise."

Raymond is Iyer's bosom companion. Where Iyer is, there will you see Raymond. They are also worthy members of the Reflector staff and it is through their efforts that the paper is such a masterpiece.

Age: As old as is necessary.
Favorite Expression: He never does anything but express himself.
Favorite Pastime: Dressing to please the ladies.
Favorite Song: "That Old Girl of Mine."
Favorite Flower: Gardenia.
Favorite Dish: Caviar.
Future Intention: To be a notorious man-about town.

"To Raymond Wilson, whose immaculate groom,
Doth charm the fair of every nationality,
To give this delicate bottle of perfume,
To emphasize his dynamic personality."

MARY VIRGINIA AUGUSTUS PROAL
(PICKLES)

"Joy rises in me, like a summer's morn."

Mary was a member of the champion basket-ball team and will receive her letter this year. She is also a jolly companion and one who will help you chase away the blues.

Age: Old enough to pickle pickles.
Favorite Expression: "Well Gee Whiz!"
Favorite Pastime: Talking about pickles.
Favorite Song: "Eat and Grow Thin."
Favorite Flower: Cucumber blossoms.
Favorite Dish: Ice-cream and pickles.
Future Intention: To become one of Heinz' fifty-seven varieties.

"To Mary Proal who likes to work,
And away from tasks does never shirk,
That every day so she can rub,
To give this little beard and tub."

"Carer of the 'I'."

MARGARET EUNICE LINDA RUDDY
(MAGGIE)

"To err is human, to forgive---divine."

Don't know much about Margaret. She is very quiet and a hard worker, and never seems to shirk. She enjoys reading very much and is what one would term a bookworm.

Age: Ask Ruthie.

Favorite Expression: "I asked Ruth but she wouldn't tell us."

Favorite Pastime: Sitting still.

Favorite Song: "To a Rose Tree."

Favorite Flower: Poppy.

Favorite Dish: Red strawberry tarts.

Future Intention: To become more ruddy.

"To a lively, smiling Margaret Ruddy,
Who never failed to always study,
We give this book to increase her knowledge,
And know that with it, she'll get through college."

EUNICE L. DELL RUTHERFORD
(EU)

"Compare me with the great men of the earth;
What am I? Why, a pigmy among giants."

Eunice has a big heart, and though she gets provoked rather easily, nevertheless, she gets over it as quickly as she becomes angry. Eunice also believes in the motto "Live and let live."

Age: Look and thou shalt see.

Favorite Expression: "Well gosh!"

Favorite Pastime: Letting her hair grow.

Favorite Song: "I'm On A Diet Of Love."

Favorite Flower: Poincias.

Favorite Dish: Anything sweet.

Future Intention: To be a great nurse.

"To Eunice Rutherford, who knows size doesn't count,
We give this trusty and sturdy mount,
We hope it will serve her in days of need,
As should every faithful and stout heart steed."

EDWARD FRANCIS SCANLON
(NED)

"Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love."

Scanlon is the despotic student of our class. He is always talking on ways to reform the government, which, if adopted, would probably do more harm than good. However, we let him rave in peace.

Age: Heaven knows.

Favorite Expression: "I think Lincoln was an honest man."

Favorite Pastime: Talking "red."

Favorite Song: "He's So Unusual."

Favorite Flower: Bachelor's Button.

Favorite Dish: Chili Con Carne.

Future Intention: To become a Communist.

"To Edward Scanlon, that dynamic speaker,
We present this "Greek Philosophy,"
So that he may endeavor to reform the world,
By applying the theories of "Demosthenes."

BLANCHE SMITH
(SLIPTRY)

"Immodest words admit of no defense,
For want of decency is want of sense."

Blanche is another one who is full of fun. Sometimes she's blue, but she always hides her own troubles from the other fellow, and never tries to "wet-blanket" any schemes.

Age: It's immaterial.

Favorite Expression: "What am I supposed to do; break down and cry?"

Favorite Pastime: Going places.

Favorite Song: "All Night Long."

Favorite Flower: Four O'clocks.

Favorite Dish: Midnight lunches.

Future Intention: Just to be Blanche.

"To Blanche Smith with winning smile,
Who has made this world a place worth-while,
We leave our wishes for success,
And we know her genius will provide the rest."

CAROLINE MAE STOWE
(JUST CAROLINE)

"Gently she bears, and kindly she judges."

Caroline is another one who doesn't say much about herself. She has a nice smile, though, and uses it often, which goes to show that she believes in "Smile and the world smiles with you."

Age: Nobody knows.
Favorite Expression: "Is That So!"
Favorite Pastime: Doing her studies.
Favorite Song: "Crying For The Carolines."
Favorite Flower: Scarlet Sage.
Favorite Dish: Peas on toast.
Future Intention: To be efficient.

"To Caroline Stowe with her cheery smile,
And ever-blooming face,
We present this little token,
So her memory will not be erased."

RITA FLORENCE TAYLOR
(PETE)

"Alas! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!"

Rita is Dot's pal and a good athlete. She never let the other team get away with much, even if she had to knock the other girls out. However, in spite of her cave-man tendencies in basketball everyone likes Rita.

Age: It doesn't matter.
Favorite Expression: "For gosh sakes!"
Favorite Pastime: Sailors.
Favorite Song: "She Was Just A Sailor's Sweetheart."
Favorite Flower: Seaweed.
Favorite Dish: Water cress.
Future Intention: To join the Navy.

"To Rita Taylor of athletic fame,
We give this basket-ball,
To remind her of her high school days,
Although it is very small."

"Bearer of the 'M'

CECIL JASPER VIELLE
(SAM)

"Words without thoughts never to heaven go."

Sam is an easy-going chap. He wanders around the classroom stopping to talk to somebody once in a while. He and Alan get along great together, perhaps because they're so different.

Age: Just about.

Favorite Expression: "Now cut it out."

Favorite Pastime: Borrowing bookkeeping.

Favorite Song: "Love."

Favorite Flower: Lilies.

Favorite Dish: Limburger cheese.

Future Intention: To be a world-famous book-keeper.

"To Cecil Vielle, that colorful character,
With a decided sense of humor,
We bequeath this book, by "Will Rogers,"
To develop it all the sooner."

"Bearer of the "M"

HILDRED IRENE VOSS
(BILLY)

"Unblemished let me live, or die unknown;
Oh, grant an honest fame or grant me none."

Billy is a diligent student and an earnest worker. She doesn't seem to like company very much, but some people are like that.

Age: Try and find out.

Favorite Expression: She never tells us.

Favorite Pastime: Sitting in 21.

Favorite Song: "Don't Be Like That."

Favorite Flower: Arbutus.

Favorite Dish: Jelly Doughnuts.

Future Intention: To be an old maid.

"To Mildred Voss our timid friend,
We bequeath this little beau,
He is such a handsome thing,
She'll fall for it we know."

BEVIS BEVIS WHITE
(BE)

"Whilst thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head."

Bevis owns a car and spends many of her afternoons driving people places. Perhaps it's because she likes people or maybe it's just because Bevis is naturally big-hearted.

Age: Ask Flimp.

Favorite Expression: "Lord!"

Favorite Pastime: Trying to manage her love affairs.

Favorite Song: "Shooting The Bull Around The Bulletin Boards."

Favorite Flower: Snap-dragon.

Favorite Dish: Pepper Relish.

Future Intention: To keep a good tongue in her head."

"To Bevis White so port and pretty,
Who's always full of fun,
We give this little book of jokes,
So she may learn to pun."

ELIZABETH WHITE
(BETTY)

"She with bright eyes and soul-bewitching voice,
Wins us to smile, inspires us to rejoice."

Betty is another of the beauties of the class. With her dark hair and dark eyes, she makes a pretty picture, and not one of those that are forgotten almost as soon as seen.

Age: She lost it. Ask her name.

Favorite Expression: "Heavens."

Favorite Pastime: Talking to Mr. Ratigan.

Favorite Song: "Starlight Reverie."

Favorite Flower: Blue-bells.

Favorite Dish: Brown Betty. Will be used in conjunction with Marion.

Future Intention: To be a nurse in conjunction with Marion.

"To Elizabeth White, that coquettish thing,
And many a young man's desire,
We give this little cupid and bow,
To set her heart on fire."

MARION LEE WITTER
(MERELY MARION)

"Virtue, the great strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of Heaven."

Marion is essentially a woman's woman. She doesn't care a bit about the boys, which feat in this day and age is quite remarkable. Marion intends to help a suffering humanity and we know that she will succeed in this work.

Age: Ask someone who knows.
Favorite Expression: "My goodness!"
Favorite Pastime: Following Elizabeth.
Favorite Song: "Oh Doctor!"
Favorite Flower: Whatever goes best in sick-rooms.
Favorite Dish: Hospital food.
Future Intention: To become a nurse.

"To Marion Witter so full of joy,
And giggling all the day,
We give this little trinket,
To pass the time away."

BESSIE EVA ZARROW
(BLESS)

"I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true."

Bessie is the valedictorian of our class. You'd really never think it to look at her, because of her actions. Bessie's ego is a little exaggerated, but that's her privilege.

Age: Three guesses.
Favorite Expression: Men are all alike.
Favorite Pastime: Using big words.
Favorite Song: "I Wanna' Go Places And Do Things."
Favorite Flower: Orchids.
Favorite Dish: Brain food.
Future Intention: To become a divorce lawyer.

"To Bessie Zarrow the erudite of our class
We present the "Einstein's Theory" to amass,
And if this theory she can successfully unfold,
her greatness! her brilliance! will remain untold."

Wearer of the "I"

MYER ZARROW
(ZEKE)

"Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,
Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds."

Myer is Bessie's brother, as you probably have been able to guess. They look quite a bit alike, but I think Bessie has a little bit more of the brain matter than Myer. However, I wouldn't like to argue on this fact.

Age: Old enough to be contrary
Favorite Expression: "I don't believe it."
Favorite Pastime: Arguing.
Favorite Song: "I Love Me."
Favorite Flower: Dog-tooth violet.
Favorite Dish: Peppers.
Future Intention: To marry and argue with his wife.

"To Myer Zarrow that handsome lad,
So gay and debonair,
We give this jar of vascline,
To put it on his hair."

100

1940

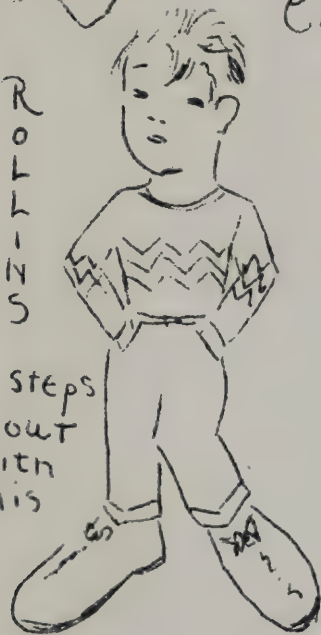


CONGRATULATIONS!



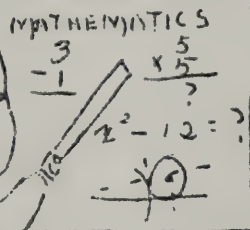
HELEN
BENGTSON
IS
FOLLOWING
IN THE
FOOTSTEPS
OF SCARLE
AS AN
ORATOR

ROLLINS



steps
out
with
his

SEVEN LEAGUE
BOOTS



MISS FENDER
DICTATOR
OF MATHEMATICS



ROY
the HERO of the
Fountain

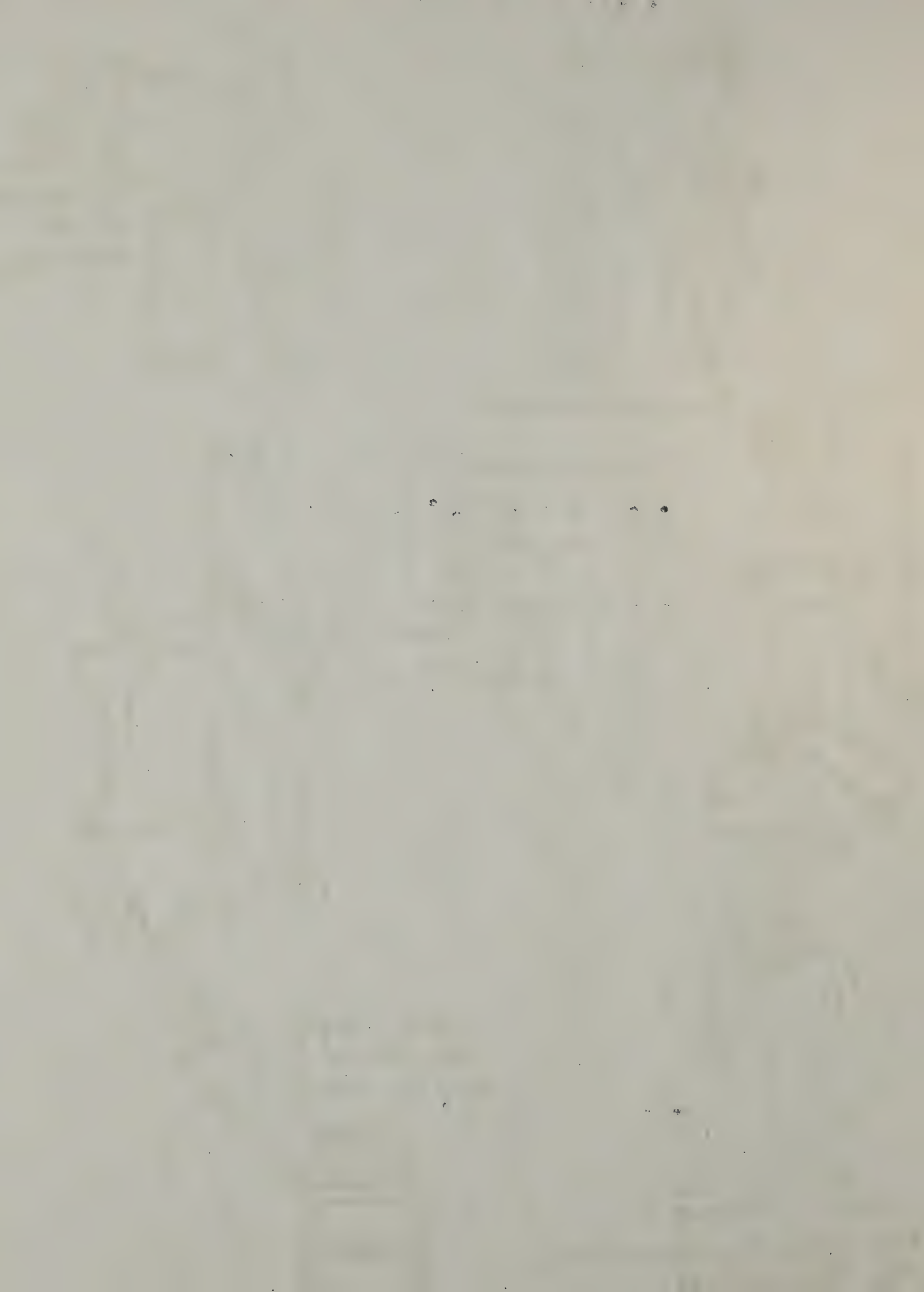


BURTON CLARK
SEEMS TO ENJOY

"HOW TO WIN THE OPPOSITE SEX"
By Michelson

Well I HOPE
MY DERBY
will be SAFE





LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the intelligentsia and proletarians of 1930, students of Millbury High School, thereby able to contract the knowledge gathered from a most intellectual group, judged this day the sixteenth of June, do this day as the time of parting between students and faculty when we must leave our dear school to go out into the cold, cruel world, hereby declare this our last Will and Testament.

1. To Mr. Shea and the rest of the school in general we leave our sincere regrets of the loss of so brilliant a collection of individuals and we trust that the shock of the loss will not be too great. We also leave the remainder of our fortune, with the provision that it be used as wisely as we always used it.
2. To Mr. Beaton we leave the trouble of working harder than ever with his teams to fill the vacancies left by senior boys.
3. To Mr. Ratigan we leave a padlock that he may use at social functions in order to insure the security of his hats.
4. To Mr. Shaw we bequeath a class of geniuses that they may fully appreciate his untiring patience and skill.
5. To Miss Grogan we leave our appreciation and thanks that when a Senior did not happen to have his work done she always understood perfectly.
6. To Miss Donohue we bestow the title of disciplinarian of the school.
7. To Miss Riordan we leave the promise that in the future we will try to recognize the worth and beauty of poetry.

8. To Mr. Doran we leave our sincere congratulations.
9. To Miss Dempsey we leave the development of all future champions, for we all recognize the fact that no one is a better "champion producer" than she.
10. To Miss Horne we leave a means of conveyance from school to home.
11. To the West Millbury Bus we leave a set of shock absorbers.
12. To the future American History Class we leave the ingenuity of Mr. Ratigan to devise bigger and better systems for their benefit.
13. To Carey Tatro we leave the position of carrying on the tradition of being the heroine in future plays.
14. To Arthur Watchorn we entrust the keeping of all the boys.
15. To Leona Buxton we leave Tony Konisky to atone for the boys we are taking with us.
16. To the "Bramanville Gang" who travelled with Audrey Horne we leave our sympathies and suggest that they use some perfectly good shoe leather.
17. To Viola Johnson we leave Eunice Rutherford's remedy for that girlish figure.
18. To Tony Konisky we leave a special admission slip so he won't have to bother going to the office every time he's late.
19. To Elizabeth Fish and Alice Burnap we leave the reputation for giggling continually without reason.
20. To Alice Gilbert we recommend a correspondence course on concentration.
21. To Jack Lachapelle we simply leave our regrets because we know that no one can replace a certain little auburn-haired beauty we are taking with us.

22. To Lucille Fontaine and Dot Higginson we entrust the keeping of their two sisters who are soon to join the ranks of M.H.S.
23. To the Mathematic Classes we leave Florence Fenner to aid them when they become puzzled.
24. To Jennie Cuiksza we leave the occupation of cultivating a greater appreciation for art among the students.
25. To Martin Roach we leave the much sought after role of the red-light of M.H.S.
26. To Midge Hamilton and Doris Caplette we leave the rights to all of next year's commercial honors.
27. To Alphonse Beauregard we leave little sister Josie as guardian angel.
28. To Everett Adams we leave the rest of the girls.
29. To Evelyn Horne we bestow Audrey's title of social leader of the Eramanville elite.
30. To Francis Rollins we bestow the "believe it or not" idea in connection with his seven league boots.
31. To Raymond Roach, our newly appointed business manager, we bequeath the responsibilities of the financial success of the Reflector.
32. To "Babe" Grogan we leave the right to charm as many as she wishes with her beautiful eyes.
33. To Eva Pepin we bestow all our accumulated knowledge of the necessary essentials of bookkeeping.
34. To Peter Army we leave nothing more than a class ring.
35. To Raymond Gilbert we bequeath the title "Ladies Man."
36. To Lawrence and Clarence Pierce we leave the honor of continuing the idea of "two minds with but a single thought," and bestow upon them the honorary titles of Ike and Mike.

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37. To the future Sophomore class we leave the most enthusiastic Miss Kersulis as the leading spirit.
38. To Ernest Platts we leave the care of the Typewriting Room and the supervision of commercial art.
39. To Freddy Phaneuf and Donald Watchorn we leave the responsibility of teaching all the boys how to trip the light fantastic.
40. To Burton Clark we leave Mickelson's latest book on "How to Win the Opposite Sex."
41. To Anna McAvoy we leave all Miss Sullivan's dumbbells.
42. To Joe Stead we bequeath the title of "sweet child."
43. To Helen Whitcomb we leave a nerve tonic to prepare her for the next mid-year examinations.
44. To Harry Taft we leave the position of being the "big little" man about school.
45. To Helen Bongston and other bashful classmates we leave some of Scanlon's ability of self-expression, popularly known as "the gift of gab."
46. To Jack Haggerty we leave the acquired oneness with which Army says, "I forgot."
47. To Roy Bruninghaus we leave the position of life guard at the drinking fountain.
48. To the undergraduates and future students we leave and bequeath all the musical ability we have received during our stay, and hope that during future 3rd. periods those who have inherited this ability will blast and sing away to their hearts' content.
49. To Vinnie Filart we leave the charge of carrying out with dignity and wisdom the position of Senior President, and trust he will follow the noble example set by our most worthy George Conley.

50. To Everett Glover we leave a harmonica, to use every 6th period, for Miss Dempsey's entertainment.

We do hereby constitute and appoint Arthur Watchorn the executor of this our last will and testament; and we do empower our said executor to seal or convert any kind of property we may possess at our departure and to execute all conveyances or transfers necessary--and will and direct that our said executor be not required to give any bond or security beyond that of friendship and good fellowship for the faithful discharge of said trust.

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the said Senior Class as and for their Last Will and Testament, in the presence of us, who, at their request in their presence and in the presence of each other have herunto subscribed our names as attesting witnesses to said instrument.

Witnesses:

Isolene Ostenhiffle

Lord Figglesby

Lord Coke

Oscar Pickleswortz

By the hand of their clerk

Warren N. Greenwood

CLASS MOTTO

Doing Nothing is Doing Ill.

To THE GUILD OF OLD LANG LYNE.

The years roll on, and soon we find
Our childhood days are o'er,
The scenes we've known, the friends we've loved
Are gone forever more.
But in that shrine of Memory
We'll sadden and often sigh
As come fond recollections
Of Days at Millbury High.

The years roll on, and to man's estate
From youthful mold we pass,
And life's stern duties bind us round
And doubts and cares harass,
But we thank our dearest teachers
And we give them one cheering cry
For treasure e'er those lessons
At dear old Millbury High.

Avery Horne '30

CLASS FLOWER

Fringed Gentian

OMISSIONS AND CORRECTIONS

PEARL ADINE LOW (POLLY)

"And if I give thee honor due
Mirth admit me to thy crew."

Pearl has only been with us a little while but she has proven a very energetic worker for the class. She is a member of the Reflector staff, she took part in the school play and also was a member of the basket ball team.

Age: She's the baby of our class.
Favorite Expression: "Ty soul!"
Favorite Pastime: Drawing.
Favorite Song: "Joanin' Low."
Favorite Flower: Bluets.
Favorite Dish: Peanut butter and crackers.
Future Intention: To be an artist.

"To Pearl Low who loves to draw
We give this tiny rabbit paw.
We trust t'will bring her fortune and fame
And make her's forever an immortal name.

PROPHECY

JOSEPH CUIKSZA

As I was casually crossing a bridge one day, I happened to glance down at the water below and to my amazement I saw Joseph Cuiksza dangling his feet in the water. I came to the conclusion that before Joe wrote another of his stories for which he was famous, he would have to experience the feeling he would put into it.

THE REFLECTOR

In our Freshman year the Reflector seemed quite able to sustain its high degree of work and its good reputation without any aid from our immature minds, yet, we were insistent upon having '30 represented. Joseph Cuiksza and Bessie Zarrow upheld our name in our first year and gave us reason to hope for more recognition when we grew older.

With another year came either an improvement in our ability or an appreciation of our talents, for we found an increase in the members of our representatives on the staff.

Our Junior year brought with it a greater chance to make contributions. We now could boast of a number of staff members, and hoped to have our literary attempts accepted. We had representatives in almost every department.

And now--as Seniors we have been the guardians of our paper. From Freshmen who are considered not a necessary part we have attained the coveted position and have tried not only to preserve the high standard the Reflector has always held but also to improve it. The following members of our class have aided materially in making the present Reflector what it is: Bessie Zarrow and Edward Scanlon, Editors; M. Mayers, News About School; G. Lesein and L. Broberg, Seen and Heard; P. Low, Art Department; M. Zarrow, Exchanges; R. Nelson, Business Manager; J. Davagian, M. Bedrosian, A. Gendron, R. Harrison, and G. Lesein, Publishing Staff.

The Reflector, as its name suggests, mirrors us. Others will see us as we represent ourselves. We hope that the people we leave behind will realize that it is well worth supporting and we pass it on to them with the utmost confidence that they will cherish it and with every ounce of their strength battle any deterioration.

1880

1880

BASEBALL--BASKET BALL

The class of 1930 is greatly responsible for the success of the baseball team at Millbury High.

No one made the team until the second year when C. Vielle and Joseph Cuiksza won berths on the team, playing shortstop and outfield positions respectively. Although these two players did work, that is accreditable to them, the team, after a bad start finally ended in fifth position.

The following year Brierly, a basket ball star won an infield berth and Conley made a bid for an outfield position. C. Vielle had little trouble in making the team. Joseph Cuiksza, who had played fine baseball the previous year failed to try out for the team in his third year. The team, however, hit its stride and easily landed in second place, falling one half a game from the top of the league, which was won by Shrewsbury.

In the last year Vielle, Brierly, Conley and Cuiksza responded to the call for candidates and the team traveled at a high pace toward the championship. C. Vielle was elected captain for this year.

William Brierly was the only senior to get a berth on the basket ball team. Brierly, playing in his last two years, was elected captain in his last year and the team easily landed in second division, fulfilling the feat of the previous year when the team also landed in second division. Brierly played fine basket ball and did work which was certainly worthy of credit.

Girl's Basketball Team

The girl's basketball team of 1930 proved to be the most successful team in all the history of Millbury High School under the auspices of the Coach, Miss Jane Sullivan, of Worcester.

Winning the Championship of Southern Worcester County League, the Millbury High Basketball Team received a silver trophy.

Captain Anna Drumgool, forward, was a prominent member of the team and led the team to victory many times, both by her high scoring and her excellent floor-work.

Rita Taylor, the blond of our team, saved the game for Millbury in Southbridge by scoring three points when the team was tied in the last quarter.

Dorothea Miller, another forward, saved more than one ball from going to the opposing team by her high jumping and fast pass-work.

Mary Proal, otherwise known as the pickle of the team, is the only guard on the team to graduate.

We feel assured that our places will be filled by others who will prove as competent as the team of 1930.

During the past two years the team has built together a system that helped during the games.

We all hope to meet the team next year for the first time in the history of Millbury High, in the Girl's Alumnae Team. So the graduating team wishes the next basket ball team to be as successful as they have been in the past.

We also wish to extend our thanks to Chester Eithier and George Conley and all the townspeople who not only suggested but actually raised a fund for the purpose of purchasing flannel blazers for the members of the team.

